

Violence

by hyperpsychomaniac

Category: SheZow

Genre: Drama, Suspense

Language: English

Characters: Boxter H., Mocktopus, SheZow/Guy H.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 09:41:10

Updated: 2016-04-10 09:41:10

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:39:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,260

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Aunt Agnes chose Guy to be SheZow because he 'thought like a villain'. But is that trait destined to become his greatest weakness? Oneshot.

Violence

"That's it Mocktopus! You're going down!" Guy, as SheZow, threw himself at Mocktopus.

They fought in the main street, a grapple of tentacles and superheavy handed she slaps. And they were drawing attention.

The wail of police sirens cut through the air and a cruiser slid up with a screech of tyres.

"Oh, now look what you did!" Mocktopus screeched.

"Hey! You're the one who started dumping fish bones in theâ€|" Guy began, hands on hips.

Mocktopus used the opportunity to whip around a tentacle and send Guy spinning into a mound of trash bins.

"Hey!" Guy spluttered. He spatâ€| somethingâ€| out of his mouth; he didn't want to know what. "Alright, no more Mr Nice Girl!" Guy jumped back to his feet, and then slipped back over into the trash. He was starting to feel like his hair may have taken a bit of a tussle when he'd crashed. "Wonderfulâ€|" Guy fumbled in his hair, trying to find what was up there messing it up.

The doors to the police cruiser slammed, and Officer Wackerman and Boxter leapt out.

"Oh greatâ€|" Guy growled. The last thing he needed was his father getting in the way. Andâ€| looking at him. He found something that

felt unnervingly like a fish bone up in his curls. He gave it a tug and then yelped.

"Hey! MDPD!" Boxter shouted. "You're under arrest!"

"Oh, shut it, piggy!" Mocktopus picked up a trash can from beside him and hurled it at the officers.

Wackerman and Boxter leapt out of the way as the can smashed into the bonnet of their cruiser and then flipped up over the roof, clattering to the other side of the street.

"Oh for crying out loud!" Boxter snapped, pushing himself to his feet. "That's police property, you know that right? It's expensive!"

"Do I look like I care?" Mocktopus snapped back, rearing up over Boxter.

"Da- Officer Hamdon!" Guy shouted. He tugged at the fish bone in his hair again, just managing to free it. He shuddered. "Don'tâ€!"

But Boxter didn't seem in the least bit perturbed. "I'm sick of this shit from the lot of you." He pulled out a pistol from his belt and levelled it at Mocktopus. "I said," he growled, "you're under arrest."

Mocktopus drew to a halt, holding himself back a little, staring down his nose at the pistol. Distaste mixed with a mild wariness.

"Yeah, that's right, back down," Boxter said, meeting Mocktopus' steady gaze.

"You know," Mocktopus said carefully. "You shouldn't bring a gun to a tentacle fight." And then quick as, snapped up a tentacle. It caught Boxter's hand from beneath and slapped the gun out of it, then whipped itself around his arm and dragged him up into the air.

Something crunched in Boxter's arm and he grunted; his face went almost dead white.

"Dad!" Guy shot to his feet, and fumbled in his belt for some shellac. He was still shaky on his feet.

Mocktopus whipped up his electrified tail and slapped Boxter across the chest.

"Hey!" Wackerman shouted, making a grab for his partner's swinging body. A bolt of electricity jumped to him, slamming him back to the bonnet of the cruiser with a grunt. He pushed himself up with a determined scowl, but he'd been hurt enough he wasn't game to go back in.

"I smell bacon," Mocktopus cackled.

Boxter was slumped in the monster's grip after the assault, panting, but he managed to crack open his eyes and glare at Mocktopus.

"Oh you want more, do you?"

Boxter swallowed.

Guy saw red. His laser lipstick was in his hands. He didn't care he wasn't at full strength. He swung himself up in the air, swung his body around, bringing his weapon in an arc with him. The laser lipstick cleaved clean through the tentacle wrapped around Boxter's arm.

Mocktopus shrieked. He collapsed back on the ground in a flailing mess of withering tentacles, curling up and rolling over himself.

Wackerman scrambled off the bonnet of the cruiser and made a grab to catch Boxter. He just ended up being knocked to the ground under the larger man.

Guy landed and stumbled. Something warm had splattered across his chest. He wiped a hand across it to find green, gooey blood. He stomach churned and he flicked the mess off his hand.

Mocktopus ended his high pitched shriek in a little whimper, then half crawled, half floundered into an open manhole nearby. A faint splash sounded from below, and then nothing more.

Guy drew in deep breaths and turned to his father. "Da-", he swallowed hard; tried to control his breathing. He was SheZow. He wasn't supposed to care about some cop who hated his guts. "Officer Hamdon, are you alright?"

Wackerman had extricated himself from beneath Boxter, putting an arm around his back and keeping him seated upright.

Boxter was still panting, white as a sheet, and staring at the open manhole.

"Officer Hamdon!"

Boxter finally looked at him, swallowing hard. "Whatâ€| what the hell got into you?"

"What do you mean?!" Guy burst out. "I just saved you!"

"You sliced off its bloody arm!" Boxter shouted, or tried to. His voice was wavering and thin.

"Hamdon," said Wackerman. "We were in trouble; we needed her help. Sure you're okay?"

Boxter shifted slightly, then grunted and hugged his arm to his chest. "Just call me a damn ambulance." He glanced at the severed tentacle a few feet away, now flopping pathetically. "And please shoot that."

Guy huffed. His heart had been hammering in his chest, but now the heavy beat was slowing. For a brief moment he'd worried Mocktopus would kill his Dad. He'd roughed him up pretty bad, but he still seemed with it enough to find fault. "Hey, I'm sorry. But you did get yourself in trouble there. I mean, pull a gun on him sure, but don't do it so close!"

Some of the colour had come back to his father's face. "I said it before, and I'll say it again. I'm tired of this shit! All of you!" Boxter swore again and hugged himself, leaning hard back into Wackerman.

Guy took a half step forward, hand out for his father's shoulder, before he remembered himself. "What's that supposed to mean?" he said instead, pulling up short.

Boxter had to draw a few breaths before he could speak again. "If you weren't fighting, I wouldn't have to pull a gun on Mocktopus, would I? You think I actually wanted to use that?" he said, keeping his voice steady now. "And now you're slicing off villains arms? You've got your bloody Guild, we tolerate you guys stepping all over everythingâ€¦ isn't that enough for you? But not for you, SheCow. You won't even follow their rules; you've got to break every damned thing you can." He winced again, sucked in a breath. And then looked SheZow in the eye. "You think you're above the law. You can't just go around stopping villains with thatâ€¦ that kind of violence!"

Guy could feel heat rising in his cheeks. "Maybe next time I'll just let him rip off yours."

Boxter looked at him, panting. "Watch yourself. I'm starting to see less of a difference between you and the villains you seem to enjoy beating up so much."

Guy could see red again. He bunched up his fists. Then just stomped his foot and let out a frustrated growl. "You stupid idiot! You need to learn some bloody gratitude!" He flew off into the sky before his father could respond.

End
file.